

NEW  
DIALOGUES  
OF THE  
D E A D.

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In three Parts.

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- I. Dialogues of the Ancient with the Ancient.
- II. Dialogues of the Ancient with the Modern.
- III. Dialogues of the Modern with the Modern.

Dedicated to *Lafian* in *Elysium*.

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Made English by J.D.

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DIARY

1870

1870

1870



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## To *Lucian in Elysium.*

Illustrious Deceased,

**I** Should injure Justice if that  
after I have assumed an  
Idea which is properly  
Yours, I did not thereupon ren-  
der you some kind of Homage.  
The Author that supports us  
most in our Writings, is the true  
Hero of the Dedicatory; his  
Praises we ought to publish with  
sincerity, and chuse him for our  
Protector. It may perhaps be  
thought, that I have been very  
bold in daring to work upon your  
A 2 Ground-

## The Dedication.

Ground-plat ; but it seems to me that I should have been far bolder, if I had wrought upon a Ground of my own Imagination. I flatter my self with some hopes that the design being Yours , it will make way for what is mine, and thus much I dare tell you, that if by chance my Dialogues had any so little success, they would gain You more Honour than your own have, since it would appear that this Idea is so taking, that it matters not whether it be duly executed or no. I depend so fully upon it, that I thought a part of it onely would serve my  
turn

## The Dedication.

turn. I have taken no notice of Pluto, Caron, Cerberus, nor of no one of the infernal Crew. How concerned am I that you have drained all those rare matters of the equality of the Dead, of their trouble at Life, of the false constancy which Philosophers affect to make appear at their dying hour, of the ridiculous misfortune of those young people, that dye before the old-men of whom they thought to inherit, and whom they so much courted. But when all is done, since you had invented this design, it was but just and reasonable that you should pick and

A 3 choose

## The Dedication.

choose what was best in it. I have at least endeavoured to imitate you in the end you had proposed to your self. All your Dialogues include their Moral, and I make all my Dead moralize, otherwise it had not been worth while to make them speak; some of the living would have served well enough to tell frivolous things. Moreover, there is this conveniency in it, that a Man may suppose the Dead to be persons of great Reflection, as well for their experience-sake, as because of their vacant time; and one ought to believe, that they think a little more then is usual

## The Dedication.

usual whilst alive. They discourse of things here above better than we, because they behold them with greater indifferency and more tranquility, and they are willing enough to discourse of them, because they still pretend to some interest in them. You have made the most part of their Dialogues so short, that 'tis apparent you did not believe them to be great Talkers, and in this I can easily agree with you. As the Dead are very witty, they ought to make a quick discovery of the ending of all matters. I could believe too, that they might be easily enlightened as to agree with  
one

## The Dedication.

one another about everything, and consequently that they should scarce ever speak; for I fancy that it belongs to us Ignorants only to dispute, who do not discover the Truth; even as it is the property only of the Blind, who see not the place they are going to, to jostle one another as they go along. But here we cannot be persuaded that the Dead should have changed their qualities, so far as not to be any longer of contrary Judgments. When we have once conceived an opinion of Persons in this World, we cannot alter it. Thus I have made it my business to make  
the

## The Dedication.

the Dead known again, at least such as are most eminent. You made no difficulty to suppose some, and some of the Adventures too perhaps which you allot them ; but I stood in no need of that Priviledge. History did supply me with plenty enough of real Dead, and real Adventures, to dispense with my borrowing any assistance from Fiction. You will not be surpris'd, that the Dead do speak of what did happen a long time after them, you that do see them entertain themselves every day with the affairs of each other. I am sure that at this very moment you  
know

## The Dedication.

know France, upon a multitude of Reports that have been made you, and that you know that she is at this day in point of Learning, what Greece was formerly. Above all, your famous Translator, who has made you speak our Language so well, will not have failed to tell you, that Paris has had the same esteem for your Works as had Rome and Athens. Happy the Man that could follow your Style as that great Man did, and in his Expressions lay hold of that fine simplicity, and that natural pleasantness, which are so proper for Dialogues! For my part, 'tis far



## The Dedication.

far from my Thoughts, to pretend to the glory of having imitated you well ; I desire none but that of having well known, that a Man cannot imitate a more excellent Model than your Self.

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NEW

1910

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March 11th 1892

1. *Amphiprion* *permanens* *permanens*

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171

New Dialogues  
OF THE  
**DEAD.**

Written in FRENCH  
very lately.

And now made ENGLISH.

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By J. D.

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*Parnassus* Hill. 1684.



Printed for D. V. at the Foot of  
St. Paul's Churchyard 1884.

# The Titles and Subjects of the Dialogues contained in this Volume.

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## *The Dialogues of the Ancient Dead.*

- I. **A**lexander, Phrinea. *What Characters  
noise it most.* Page 1.  
II. Milo, Smindirides. *Upon Niceness.* P. 9.  
III. Dido, Scratonice. *Upon the Intrigue  
which Virgil does wrongfully attribute to Di-  
do.* P. 15.  
IV. Anacreon, Aristotle. *Upon Philosophy.* P. 21.  
V. Homer, Æsop. *Upon the Mysteries of Ho-  
mer's Works.* P. 29.  
VI. Athenais, Icasta. *Upon the Fantasticalness  
of Fortunes.* P. 34.
- 

## *Dialogues of the Ancient Dead, with the Modern Dead.*

- I. **A**ugustus, Peter Aretine. *Upon Prais-  
ses.* P. 40.  
II. Sapho, Laura. *Whether it has been well or-  
dered, that Men should attack, and the Wo-  
men defend themselves.* P. 51.  
III. Socrates, Montaigne. *Whether the Ancients  
have had more Vertue than we.* P. 57.  
A. 2. IV. The

- IV. *The Emperor Adrian, Margarine of Austria.*  
*What Deaths are the most Generous.* p. 66.
- V. *Erasistrates, Herveus.* *Of what use are the*  
*Discoveries, the Modern have made in Natural*  
*Causes, and in Physick.* p. 78.
- VI. *Berenice, Cosmus Medicus the Second.* *Up-*  
*on the Immortality of Name.* p. 85.
- 

### *Dialogues of the Modern Dead.*

- I. **A** *Nne of Brittany, Mary of England.* *A*  
*Comparison betwixt Ambition and*  
*Love.* p. 92.
- II. *Charles V. Erasmus.* *If there is any thing*  
*wherein Man may glory.* p. 102.
- III. *Elizabeth of England, The Duke of Alen-*  
*zon.* *upon the little Solidity of Pleasures.* p. 110.
- IV. *William Cabestan, Albert Frederick of*  
*Brandebourg.* *Upon Folly.* p. 116.
- V. *Agnes Sorel, Roxelana.* *upon the Power of*  
*Women.* p. 123.
- VI. *Jane I. of Naples, Anselm.* *upon Disquiet*  
*for Time to come.* p. 132.

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NEW  
DIALOGUES  
OF THE  
DEAD.

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The First Dialogue.

*Alexander. Phrinea.*

*Phrinea.*

**Y**OU may know it of all  
the *Thebanes* that lived in  
in my time. They will  
tell you that I offered them to  
rebuild at my own charges the  
B Walls

Walls of *Thebes*; which you had beaten down, upon condition they would put this Inscription upon them. *Alexander the Great did beat down these Walls, but Phrinea the Courtisan has raised them up again.*

*Alex.* You were afraid then that future Ages should not know what Trade you had driven?

*Phrin.* I tell you I had been excellent at it; and all persons that are extraordinary in any Profession whatever, are possessed with this folly of Monuments and Inscriptions.

*Alex.* 'Tis true that *Rhodopea* had this humour before you. Her Beauty gained her so much money, that with it she built one of those famous Pyramids in *Egypt* which are standing to this day; and I remember that as she was speaking of it the other day to  
some



some dead French Ladies, who pretended to have been very lovely, these Shadows began to weep, saying, that in the Age and Country where they had lately lived, Beauties did not now make advantages whereby to raise Pyramids.

*Phrin.* But for my part, I had that advantage above *Rhodopea*, that in raising up again the Walls of *Thebes*, I made my self equal to you, who had been the greatest Conquerour in the World, and made it appear that my Beauty was able to repair what your Valour had destroyed.

*Alex.* These are two things which certainly did never enter into comparison with one another. You are pleased with your self then, that you have been so Gallanted.

*Phrin.* And you, you are very  
B 2 well

well satisfied that you have made desolate the better part of the World? Why was there not a *Phrinea* in each Town which you destroyed ! There should have remained no signs of your furies.

*Alex.* Were I to live again, I would again be a famous Conquerour.

*Phrin.* And I would be a lovely Conquerour. Beauty has a natural right to command Men, and Valour has but a right gained by force. Beauties have a right in all Countries, so have not Kings nor Conquerours. But yet the better to convince you, *Philip* your Father was a very valiant man, so were you too, however you would neither of you work any fear into *Demosthenes* the Oratour; who, whilst he lived, did nothing but inveigh against you both; and another *Phrinea*, far be-

beyond me (for the name is lucky) being likely to lose a Suit in Law of consequence, her Lawyer, who in vain had spoken his best for her, bethought himself of putting by a great Veil, which partly covered her, and presently upon the sight of her beauty, the Judges who were just going to cast her, chang'd their minds. So the noise of your Arms could not in a long run of years silence an Oratour, and the attractives of a fair Creature did, in a moment, corrupt all *Areopagus* with its severity.

*Alex.* Though you have called another *Phrinea* to your assistance, I do not believe that *Alexanders* Party is at all the weaker. It would be very sad if.....

*Phrin.* I know what you are going to say to me. *Græcia, Asia, Persia*, the *Indies*, all these make a fine shew: Yet, if I should with-

draw from your glory, what does not belong to you upon that score; if I did give to your Soldiers, to your Captains, to Chance it self, the share belonging to them, don't you think you would be a loser by it? But a Fair Lady never shares with any one the honour of her Conquests, all is her own. Believe me, the condition of a pretty Woman is a pretty condition.

*Alex.* It has appeared that you have been so perswaded. But do you think this part reaches so far as you have pushed it?

*Phrin.* No, no, for I am easy of belief. I confess I have, in an high degree, injured the Character of a pretty Woman, but you have done as much by that of a Great Man. You and I have conquered too much. If I had been contented with two or three Gal-

lan-

lantries at the most, I had not been irregular, and no exceptions could have been taken; but to have been galanted to that degree as to have had wherewithall to rebuild the Walls of *Thebes*, that was indeed too too much. On the other side, if you had conquered *Greece* only, the neighbouring Islands, and some little part too perhaps of the Lesser *Asia*, and made up a State of them for your self, nothing had been more reasonable; but to run on still without knowing whither, and be always taking of Towns, and know not why, and always upon execution, without design, 'tis that that was not approved of by many judicious persons.

*Alex.* Let those judicious persons say what they will. If I had made use of my valour and good fortune with so much discretion,

there would scarce have been any talk of me.

*Phrin.* Nor of me neither, if I had been too discreet in the management of my Beauty. When one will make a noise only, those qualities which seem most reasonable are not the fittest for that purpose.

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The

## The Second Dialogue.

*Milo. Smindirides.**Smindirides.*

**T**Hou art very proud then, *Milo*, of having carried an Ox on thy shoulders, at the Olimpick Games.

*Milo.* For certain it was a very brave action. All Greece did applaud it, and the honour of it reached as far as the City of *Crotona* my native Country, which has afforded an infinite number of stout lusty men. On the contrary, thy City of *Sibaris* will be cried down to eternity because of the effeminacy of her Inhabitants, who banished all Cocks from their Town, lest they should

B 5 be

be wakened by them ; and when they made any invitation to persons, they invited them a year before-hand, that they might have the more leasure to make their Treat with as much daintiness as they would themselves.

*Smin.* Thou jeerest the *Sibarists*; but thou gross *Crotorian*, dost not thou think that in boasting to have carried an Ox is not to be very like them?

*Milo.* And thou, dost thou believe to have behaved thy self Man-like, when thou madest thy complaint that thou hadst passed a night without sleeping, because one of the Roses wherewith thy Bed was strewed, lay folded in two under thee?

*Smin.* 'Tis true, I was so nice as that comes to; but why dost thou think it so strange?

*Milo.* And how can it be but I must think it so? *Smin-*



*Smin.* What didst thou never see a Lover, who being loaded with the favours of a Mistress, to whom he had rendred some remarkable services, was troubled in the possession of his happiness, for fear that grateful acknowledgment should work more in the heart of the Beauty, than her inclination?

*Milo.* No, I never saw any such. But what if such a thing should be?

*Smin.* And didst thou never hear talk of some Conqueror, who, at his return from a glorious Expedition, should not be altogether satisfied with his Triumphs, because Fortune might have had a greater share than either his Valour or his Conduct, and that his designs might have taken upon false and ill grounded Measures?

*Milo.*

*Milo.* No, I never heard speak of any such. But once again, what dost thou infer hereupon?

*Smin.* That this same Lover, and this Conqueror, and generally all men, although they should lie upon Flowers, could not sleep if one single Leaf only were foulded in two. A little thing spoils a pleasure. Pleasures are Beds of Roses, where 'tis very hard to have every Leaf remain spread out, and not one to lie double; yet the foulding of one alone is enough to cause a great uneasiness.

*Milo.* I am not very much versed in these affairs; but methinks, that thou, and the Lover, and thy supposed Conqueror, and all of you together, are extreamly too blame. Why do you make yourselves so nice?

*Smin.* Ah *Milo*! your Wits are not *Crotonians*, as thou art; but they

they are *Sibarists*, more refined yet than I was.

*Milo.* I see well enough what the matter is. Your Wits, assuredly, enjoy more pleasures than they need, and they let their niceness retrench what they have too much. They are willing to have some feeling of the least dislikes, because there are other ways delights enough for them; and upon that account I find they are in the right.

*Smin.* There's nothing at all of that. Your Wits enjoy no more pleasures than they need.

*Milo.* They are fools then to make themselves so nice.

*Smin.* There is the mischief of it. Niceness does become men very well: it arises from the good qualities, both of the mind, and heart: Man takes a delight to have them, and he that wants them endeavours

deavours for them ; in the mean time, niceness does lessen the number of pleasures, and one is not overloaded with them. It makes them less sensible ; and pleasures, of themselves, are not over lively. How men are to be pitied ! Their natural condition supplies them with few pleasing things, and their reason teaches them to delight yet less in them.

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The

## The Third Dialogue.

*Dido. Stratonice.**Dido.*

**A** Las ! how wretched am I, my poor *Stratonice* ! you know how I have lived. I was so exact in my fidelity to my first Husband, that I burnt my self alive rather than I would take a second. However, I could not preserve my self from being ill spoken of. A Poet, *Virgil* by name, has been pleased to change a wise Woman, so strict as my self, into a young Gossip, that lets her self be taken with the handsomeness of a Stranger the very first day she sees him. My whole story is quite contrary. To tell the truth, as to the pile of Wood wherein

wherein I was consumed, I had right done me. But guess why I cast my self into it? - It is not out of any farther fear of being obliged to marry a second time, but because I am grown desperate upon this stranger's leaving of me.

*Stratonice.* Indeed, the consequences of this may be very dangerous. There will hardly be any more Women that will burn themselves out of a conjugal fidelity, if, after their death, a Poet may have the liberty to say what he will of them. May be too, your *Virgil* was not so much in the wrong. Has he not cleared some intrigues in your life, which you hoped would not have been known? Who knows? I would not answer for you, upon the faith of your Pile.

*Dido.* If the Gallantry which *Virgil* does lay to me had any truth in it, I would be content to be suspected;

pected ; but he allots me to be a Lover of *Æneas*, a man that was in his Grave three hundred years before I came into the world.

*Strat.* You say something now. Nevertheless, *Æneas* and you, you seemed much to be a fit match for one another : You both of you had been forced to leave your Country ; you both of you seeked a fortune in stranger Countries ; he was a Widower, you a Widow : these points agree well together. It is true, you were born three hundred years after him ; but *Virgil* saw so many reasons to match you together , that he thought three hundred years difference betwixt you were of no consequence.

*Dido.* What an Argument there is ? How three hundred years are not three hundred years, and in spite of that obstacle, two persons

sons may meet together, and love one another?

*Strat.* Oh! 'Tis in that point *Virgil* did mean some Cunning: Sure he was a man of the times: He would make it appear, that in matter of Love Concerns, we must not judge upon Appearances; and that those that have the least, are many times the truest.

*Dido.* What had he to do to call my Reputation in question, by inserting this fine Mystery in his Works?

*Strat.* But what? has he turn'd you into ridicule? has he made you speak impertinencies?

*Dido.* No, not at all. Here he has recited his Poem to me; and the whole piece where he makes me appear, is indeed divine, Cousin Germain to detraction. In it I am all Beauty, there I speak rare things upon my pretended Passion; and



and if *Virgil* were obliged to own me for an honest Woman in his *Æneid*, the *Æneid* would be the worse for it.

*Strat.* What do you complain of then? you have a Gallantry put upon you which you did not enjoy; a great mischance indeed! But, to make you amends again, you are set out for a Beauty and a Wit, which you were not.

*Dido.* What a comfort!

*Strat.* I know not what humour you are of; but most Women, if I am not mistaken, had rather have their Vertue a little questioned, than either their Wit or their Beauty: for my part, that was my humour. A Painter at the Court of the King of *Syria*, my Husband, was dissatisfied with me; and out of revenge, he drew me as in the Arms of a Soldier. He exposed his Picture to view, and took

took his heels. My Subjects, zealous of my Glory, would have burnt this Picture publicly ; but I being drawn admirably well, and full of Beauty, though the postures allotted me therein were not advantageous to my Vertue, I forbid the burning of it, and recalled the Painter, whom I pardoned. If you'll believe me, you'll do the same by *Virgil*.

*Dido*. That would do well, if the first degree of Merit in a Woman did consist in being handsom, or in being witty.

*Stratonice*. I do not take upon me to decide what that first merit is ; but commonly, the first question one asks of a Woman one knows not, is, Is she handsome ? next, has she any Wit ? a third is seldom asked.

The

# The Fourth Dialogue.

*Anacreon, Aristotle.*

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*Aristotle.*

**I** Could never have thought that a petty Ballad-maker would have dared to compare himself with a Philosopher of so great repute as I am.

*Anacreon.* You make the name of *Philosopher* sound very loud; but, I with my petty Songs, have notwithstanding been called *the wise Anacreon*, and methinks the Title of *Philosopher* is not so good as that of *Wise*.

*Arist.* Those who ascribed you that quality, did not very well mind what they said. What had you ever done to deserve it?

*Anacr.*

*Anacr.* I had done nothing but drink, sing, and fall in love; and the wonder is, that I had this name of *Wise* given me for doing thus, whereas you had only that of *Philosopher* given you, which cost you a world of labours: For how many Nights have you spent in sifting the intricate Questions of the *Dialectick*? How many great Volumes have you writ upon obscure matters, which perhaps you did not very well understand your self.

*Arist.* I confess you have taken a more easie way to attain to *Wisdom*, and you must needs have been an able man to find out a way to purchase more glory with your Lute and your Bottle, then the greatest men have gained with their watchings and toys.

*Anacr.* You think to jeer, but  
I will

I will maintain that 'tis harder to drink and sing, as I have sung, and as I have drunk, than to philosophize as you have done ; to sing and to drink as I have, a man's Soul should be freed from all violent passions, should aim no more at what does not depend upon us, should always be in a disposition to take time as it should come. In fine, there would be many little Affairs to regulate about him ; and though there be no great matter of Philosophy in all this, one has trouble enough for all that to compass it. But a man may philosophize as you have done upon more reasonable terms. One is not obliged to cure oneself neither of Ambition, nor of Covetousness ; a man may have a favourable access to *Alexander's* Court ; he may purchase Presents of five hundred thousand Crowns,

Crowns, which he does not altogether apply in experiments of Nature, according to the intention of the Donor; and in a word, this kind of Philosophy leads to things that are opposite enough to Philosophy.

*Arist.* Some body here below must needs have spoken ill of me to you; but when all is done, Man is not Man, but upon the account of Reason, and nothing is more excellent than to teach others what use they should make of studying Nature, and clearing all those Intricacies which he proposes unto us.

*Anacr.* Thus men pervert the use of every thing: Philosophy in it self is an admirable thing, and may be very serviceable to them; but because she would be uneasie to them, - if she did meddle with their Concerns, and settle her self  
among

among them to regulate their passions, they have dispatched her away into the Heavens to set the Planets in order, and measure their motions, or else they pace her up and down the Earth, to make her examine all they see upon it. In short, they always employ her as far off themselves as 'tis possible. In the mean time, as they will be Philosophers at an easie rate, they have the art how to extend and set out this Title, and they give it for the most part to those that dive into natural Causes.

*Arist.* And how can one give them a fitter Title?

*Anacreon.* Philosophy concerns her self with Men only, and not at all with the rest of the World. The Astronomer muses on the Stars and Planets, the Naturalist considers Nature, and the Philo-  
C
sopher



osopher thinks of himself. But who would have been one upon such hard Conditions? Alas! scarce any body. Philosophers then are dispensed withal from being Philosophers, and men are contented they should be Astronomers, or Naturalists. For my part, I was not of a temper to engage my self into Speculations; but I'm sure, that there is less Philosophy in many Books, that make profession of treating of it, then in some of those petty Songs which you so much undervalue; for example in this.

*If Gold length of life did bestow,  
Farther my ambition should not go,  
Then greedily to heap up treasure.  
When Death to me a visit made,  
Quickly return would I bid her to  
her shade,  
In giving her, what I had, without  
measure.* But



But if Atropos and her Sisters Je-  
 vere do not of this allow,  
 Gold shall no more be my care,  
 Women, Wine, and good Cheer  
 Shall my diversions make I vow.

*Arist.* If you will call that Phi-  
 losophy only which looks into  
 Manners, there is in my Morals  
 that which is as good as your  
 Song; for that obscurity which  
 I'm taxed of, and which is per-  
 haps in some of my Books, is not  
 to be found in my Writings upon  
 that matter; and the whole  
 World has owned that there was  
 nothing finer nor more clear than  
 what I have said concerning Pas-  
 sions.

*Anacr.* What an abuse! The  
 question is not to define Passions  
 methodically, as 'tis said you have  
 done, but to master them. Men  
 willingly deliver up their Evils to

Philosophy for her to consider them, but not to cure them; and they have found the secret of framing a Moral which reaches them no nearer than Astronomy does. Can a man forbear laughing, to see some, that for money, preach up the contempt of riches, and Cowards that fall together by the ears about the definition of Magnanimous?

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The

## The Fifth Dialogue.

*Homer. Æsop.**Homer.*

**A**LL those *Fables* which you have now related to me, cannot, indeed, be admired enough: You must needs have been indued with a great deal of art, that you could thus disguise in little Tales, the most important Instructions of Morality, and cover your thoughts under these Representations which are so proper and so familiar.

*Æsop*, 'Tis very pleasing to me that I am applauded by you for an Art, wherein you were so careful.

*Homer*, I? I did never pretend to it.

C 3

*Æsop.*

*Æsop*, How, did you not make it your business to hide great mysteries in your works?

*Hom.* Alas! not at all.

*Æs.* Nevertheless all the Learned of my time did say as much; there was not a word in the *Iliads*, nor in the *Odyssea*, but they gave it the finest Allegories in the World. They did maintain that all the Secrets of Divinity, of Natural and Moral Philosophy, and of the Mathematicks, were inclosed in your Writings. Truly 'twas somewhat difficult to disclose them, and where one found out a Moral sence, another found out a Natural sence; but they agreed that you knew all, and had said all to him that rightly understood it.

*Hom.* Without lying, I did mistrust that some sort of people would conceive I had some cunning

ning meaning, where I intended none. As there is nothing like Prophecying things afar off in expectation of the event ; so there is nothing like putting off *Fables*, in expectation of the Allegory.

*Aesop*, You must needs have been a bold man, to entrust your Readers with the care of putting Allegories in your Poems. Whereabouts would you have been, if they had been taken literally ?

*Homer*, Well then, the harm would not have been so great.

*Hes.* What ? those Gods who maintain one another ; that Thundering *Jove*, who in a Convention of *Deities* threatens to beat Majestical *Juno* ; That *Mars*, who being wounded by *Diomedes*, bawls, you say, like nine or ten thousand men, and does not act like one alone ; ( for instead of routing all the *Greeks*, he goes and

complains of his Wound to *Jupiter*) all this would have been well without an Allegory?

*Hom.* Why not? You fancy that the Minds of men seek for Truth altogether? Disabuse your self. Man's mind and falshood sympathize most strangely. If you have a truth to speak, you'll do very well to fold it up in *Fables*, 'twill be far more pleasing. If you'll relate *Fables*, they may take without having the least colour of truth in them. Thus Truth has need to borrow the shape of Falshood to be kindly received in the mind of man; but Falshood creeps into it well enough in its own proper shape, for that is the place of its birth, and its usual place of aboad, and Truth is there a meer stranger. Nay, I will tell you more than this comes to. If I should have killed my self to fancy

cy

cy allegorical *Fables*, it might very well have happened that most people would have taken the *Fable*, as a thing likely enough to have had been so, and would have let the Allegory alone; and indeed, you ought to know that my Gods, such as they are (and all Mysteries laid aside) have not been thought ridiculous.

*Æs.* This makes me quake again: I am terribly afraid that it will be thought that Beasts might have spoken as they do in my Apologies.

*Hom.* A pretty fear indeed,

*Æsop.* Why what? If people have believed that the Gods could have held those Discourses you made them hold; why will they not believe that Beasts did speak in the manner as I made them speak?

*Hom.* Ah! the Case is not the same;

same; Men are willing enough that the Gods should be as great great Fools as they; but they are not willing that Beasts should be so wise.

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## The Sixth Dialogue.

*Athenais. Icasia.*

*Icasia.*

Since you will know my Fortune, I will tell it you: The Emperour under whom I lived, had a mind to marry; and that he might the better choose an Empress, he caused it to be published, That all Women that thought themselves handsom and taking enough to pretend to the Throne, should come to *Constantinople*. God only knows what a world



world of people there was. I went thither, and I made no doubt but with my youth, my brisk eyes, and my way, which was pleasant and curious enough, I might not put in for the Empire. The day of the meeting together of so many pretty Pretenders, we all of us ran over in a distracted manner the faces of each other; and I took notice with satisfaction, that my Rivals did look but with an ill eye upon me. The Emperour appeared; at first he passed by several rows of Beauties without saying a word; but when he came at me, my eyes were very serviceable to me, and they stayed him. Indeed, quoth he, looking upon me with a countenance such as I could wish, *Women are very dangerous; they may do a great deal of harm*: I thought there was only a little wit to be used in  
the

the case, and then I was Empress: and in the trouble I was in, what with hope, what with joy, I strove to make an answer. *In recompence of that, Lord, Women may do, and sometimes have done much good.* This Answer spoiled all; the Emperour thought it so godly, that he durst not marry me.

*Athenais*, Sure this Emperour was of a strange humour, to be so afraid of Wit, and 'tis to be presumed he had but little judgment in it, to believe that your Answer did argue much; for to be free with you, 'tis no very good one, and you have no great matter to lay to your own charge.

*Icasia*, Thus go Fortunes; Wit alone made you an Empress, and an appearance only of Wit hindered me from being one. You were versed to in Philosophy, which is far worse than to be witty; and  
not-

notwithstanding all this, you married the young *Theodosius*.

*Athen.* If I should have had such an example as yours before me, it would have frightened me. After my Father had made me a very learned, and a very godly Lads, he did disinherite me; so sure did he make himself, that with my learning and my fine wit, I could not miss of making my Fortune; and to say the truth, I believed it as well as he. But now I see I ran a great hazard, and that it was not impossible but I might remain without any means, and have Philosophy alone for my Portion.

*Icas.* No sure, but as good luck would have it for you, my adventure had not yet happened. It would be pleasant enough that upon the like occasion as that which beset me, some other that knew my Story, and would draw  
an

an advantage from it, were so crafty as to make no shew of wit, and that people would laugh at her.

*Athen.* I would not be answerable for her success herein, in case she were upon design; but many times one does by chance commit the happiest Follies in the world. Have you not heard talk of a Painter who had so well drawn some Bunches of Grapes, that some Birds were deceived in them, and came and nibbled at them? Do you judge what a Reputation this gave him. But the Grapes were born in the Picture by a little Country Boy; and the Painter was told, That truly they must needs be well done, since they intised the Birds to them; but that the little Country Boy must needs be very ill done, since the Birds were not afraid of him. They were

were in the right; Yet if the Painter had not over-seen himself in the little Peasant, the Grapes would not have had that prodigious success as they had.

*Icas.* Truly, let a man do what he will in the world, he does not know what he does; and after the adventure of this Painter, we ought to tremble even in those Affairs, where we behave our selves well, and fear lest we have done no fault that might have been necessary; all is uncertain. It looks as though Fortune took care to give different Successes to one and the same thing, to the end she may always laugh at humane Reason, which is uncable of any certain Rule.

DIA

# DIALOGUES

OF THE

*Ancient Dead*

WITH THE

*Modern Dead.*

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## The First Dialogue.

*Augustus. Peter Aretine.*

*Peter Aretine.*

**Y**ES, I was a fine Wit in my time, and I made a pretty considerable Fortune with Princes.

*Augustus,*

*Augustus*, You writ then many Books for them.

*P. Aretine*, None at all; I had a Pension from all the Princes of *Europe*, and that could not have been if I should have fate writing of Praises. They had Wars with one another; when one had the better of the Day, the other had the better of it: it was not possible to give them all their Praises.

*Augustus*, What did you then?

*P. Aret.* I made Verses against them: They could not be admitted into a *Panegyrick*; but into a *Satyr* they might. I had so well spread abroad the Terrouses of my Name, that they allowed me Tribute to enable me to commit Follies in safety.

The Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, who you must needs have heard speak of here below, being gone very unadvisedly towards  
the

the Coasts of *Africa*, to receive an Overthrow, did immediately send me a Chain of Gold. I received it; and looking sadly upon it, *Ah!* said I aloud, *this is but a small matter, for so great a folly as he has committed.*

*Aug.* You had found a new kind of way to get money of Princes.

*P. Aret.* Had not I cause to conceive some hopes of a wonderful Fortune, in settling my self a Revenue upon the follies of others? It is a good foundation, and does yield well.

*Aug.* Whatever you can say of it, the praising Trade is surest, and by consequence the best.

*P. Aret.* What would you have? I was not impudent enough to praise.

*Aug.* Why? You were impudent enough to make Satyrs upon Crowned Heads.

*P. Aret.*



*P. Aret.* It is not the same thing to make Satyrs: it is not always necessary to undervalue those they are made of; but to give some certain unrelishing praises, I fancy a man must in some kind contemn those very persons he praises, and think them great Cullies. With what face could *Virgil* tell you, that it was unknown in what quality you would rank your self among the Gods; and that it was uncertain, whether you would take upon you the care of the concerns of the Earth, or whether you would make your self a God of the Sea, by taking to Wife a Daughter of *Thetis*, who would willingly have purchased the honour of your Alliance, though it had cost her all her Waters; or, in fine, whether you would quarter your self in the Heavens, near *Scorpio*, who held the place of two Signs

Signs, and who, upon your account, would have straitned himself more?

*Aug.* Be not surpris'd at *Virgil's* boldness. When a man is praised, he does not take take those praises in the strictest sense ; he helps out the Letter, and the Writer's bashfulness receives great ease from the self-love of them to whom he applies them. Many times we imagine we deserve praises which we have not ; and how shall we believe that we did not deserve those we have ?

*P. Aret.* You did hope then, upon *Virgil's* word, that you should marry a Sea-Nymph, or that you should have an Apartment in the *Zodiac* ?

*Aug.* No, no. There is something to be deducted from those kind of praises, to reduce them to some reasonable measure ; but, to  
speak

ſpeak the truth, the abatement we make is very little, and we take them at our own rates. In ſhort, let a man be praiſed in what manner you will, he will always take the advantage of believing that he is above all common praiſes, and that his merit did reduce the praiſer to go beyond all bounds. Vanity has diverſity of Shapes.

*P. Aret.* I ſee well enough, there muſt be no difficulty made to puſh praiſes to the height of exceſs; but, at leaſt, as to ſuch as are contrary to one another, how can one have the impudence to allow them to Princes? I will lay a wager, for example, that when you did revenge your ſelf of your Enemies without any ſhew of mercy, nothing was thought more glorious by all your Court, than to thunder out your fury upon every thing that had the Temerity to oppoſe

pose you ; but so soon as you had done any action that was mild, the face of things changed, and nothing was found in revenge, but a barbarous and inhumane Glory : one part of your life was praised to the prejudice of the other. For my part, I should have been afraid lest you would have given your self the recreation to take me at my own words, and would have said to me ; *Chuse either Severity, or Clemency, to make the Character of an Hero : but when this is done, stick to your own choice.*

*Aug.* Why, will you have one look so narrowly to it ? 'Tis for the advantage of great persons, that all matters should be problematical for flattery. Do what they will, they cannot fail to be praised ; if it be for things that are opposite, 'tis because they have more than one kind of merit.

*P. Aret.*

*P. Aret.* But what? Had you never no scruple upon you about all those Elegies which were heap'd upon you? was there any need of straining a man's wit, to perceive that they were intended to you? Praises do not distinguish Princes; Heroes have no more than others; but Posterity does distinguish the praises which have been given to different Princes. Some she confirms, and others she declares to be base flatteries.

*Aug.* You will then, at least, yield, that I did deserve the praises given me, since 'tis certain that Posterity has ratified them by her Judgment. Nay, in this case, I have some cause to complain of her; for she has so us'd her self to look upon me as the Model of Princes, that 'tis usual to praise them, by comparing them to me, and oftentimes the comparison does injure me.

*P. Aret.*

*P. Aret.* Comfort your self: you will be no farther troubled with this cause of complaint. To hear how all the Dead that come hither do speak of *Lewis* the Fourteenth now reigning in *France*, 'tis he that will be looked upon hereafter as the Model of Princes; and I foresee, that henceforwards it will be thought that greater praises cannot be given them, than by allotting them some resemblance with this great King.

*Aug.* Well then? Do not you believe that those to whom so great an exaggeration shall be addressed, will hearken to it with pleasure?

*P. Aret.* That may be. People are so desirous of Praises, that Equality and Truth are dispensed withall; and so are all requisite Properties.

*Aug.*

*Aug.* It's clear enough to be seen that your aim is to extenuate all praises: If none but good ones should be given, who would trouble himself to give them?

*P. Aret.* All that should bestow them without Interest, 'tis their right along to praise. How happens it that your *Virgil* did praise *Cato* so much, when he said that he did preside in the Assembly of the better sort of persons, who are separated from the others in the *Elysian* Shades? 'Tis because *Cato* was dead; and *Virgil*, that expected nothing from him, nor from his Family, bestowed but one Verse upon him, and made a reasonable thought the bounds of his Elogy. How comes it that he spoke so ill of you in so many words, at the beginning of the *Georgicks*? You allowed him a Pension.

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*Aug.*



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*Aug.*

*Aug.* I have then flung away a great deal of money in praises?

*P. Ar.* I am sorry for it. Why did not you do as one of your Successors has done; who, as soon as he had attained the Empire, did by a Declaration, expressely forbid the making of Verses for him at any time?

*Aug.* Alas! He had greater reason than I. Those praises which present themselves to us are not the true ones, but those are which we snatch up by the by.

## The Second Dialogue.

*Sapho.**Laura.**Laura.*

**I**T is true, the Muses had a share in the Passions which we two have had, and they rendred them very pleasant : But this difference there is, you writ the Praises of your Lovers, whereas my Gallants did all they could to extol mine.

*Sapho.* What then? the meaning is, that I loved as much as I was beloved.

*Laura.* This does not surprise me, for I know that Women commonly are more tender hearted than Men. That which does surprise me is, that you should let your Lovers know your inclinati-

ons for them, and that you should in some manner work upon their heart by your Poesies. A Woman's part is but to defend herself.

*Sapho.* Betwixt you and I, I was a little troubled at it ; 'tis an injustice that Men have done us: They have taken the assailing part, which is far more easie than the defensive.

*Laura.* Let us not complain, we have our advantages. We that defend our selves, we yield when we please ; but they that attack us, they do not always overcome, though they would never so fain.

*Sapho.* But you do not consider that if these Men do attack us, they follow the inclination they have to attack us: but when we defend our selves, we are not very much inclined to make a defence.

*Laura.*

*Laura.* Do you make nothing of the pleasure in seeing by so many sweet Assaults of so long continuance, and so often redoubled, how they value the Conquest of your heart ?

*Sapho.* And do you reckon as nothing the difficulty to resist these sweet Attacks ? they see with delight the success of them in all their proceedings with us.

*Laura.* But in fine, though after all their diligences, they become Victors in a fair way, you do them a favour in acknowledging them to be so. You can no longer make a defence, and they cease not to let you see the value they have for you, because you make no farther defence.

*Sapho.* Ah ! this does not hinder, but that that which is a Victory for them, is always a kind of defeat on our side. In being loved,

D 3                      they

they have no other delight than that of triumphing over the person who loves them ; and happy Lovers are not happy but because they are Conquerors.

*Laura.* What ? would you have had it ordered that Women should attack the Men ?

*Sapho.* And what necessity is there, that the one should attack, and the others defend themselves ? Let both sides love one another as much as the heart will allow.

*Laura.* Oh ! things would run too fast ; and Love is such a pretty pleasing kind of Trade, that it was very well done to give it time to last as long as it was possible. What would it be if one should be entertained upon the first offers ? What would become of all those cares to please, of all that restlessness, when we tax our selves of some neglect to give satisfaction,  
of

of, all that earnestness wherewith we endeavoured for one happy moment? to conclude, all that delightful mixture of pleasure and pain, which is called Love? Nothing would be more insipid, if we did only exchange love for love.

*Sapho.* Well then, if Love must needs be, as it were, a Fight, I could rather wish that Men had been obliged to stand upon the defensive. And have not you told me too, that Women were more inclined to be tender hearted than they? Upon that score Women would attack them the better.

*Laura.* Ay, but they would defend themselves too well. When 'tis designed that one Sex should resist, 'tis intended the resistance should be no more than would make the Victory better pleasing to the Victor, but not strong  
D 4. enough



Enough to gain it. It ought not  
 to be so weak as to yield upon the  
 first Assault, nor so vigorous as not  
 to yield at all. Here is our Cha-  
 racter, and 'tis likely it would not  
 be the Mens. Believe me, when  
 we have well argued the case of  
 Love, or of any other matter  
 whatever, it is found in the end,  
 that things are well as they are,  
 and that the pretended Reforma-  
 tion would spoil all.

The



## The Third Dialogue.

Socrates.

Montaigne.

Montaigne.

**I**T is you then, Divine Socrates! How glad am I to see you! I am just now arrived in this Country, and I was no sooner come hither, but I looked up and down for you. In fine, after having filled up my Book with your Name, and with your Elogies, I can now entertain my self with you, and learn how you came by that Vertue, so Montaigne's Terms in French, down right, which had such natural goings, and which could not be fitted with any example, even in that happy Age you lived in. adieu bonjour.

D 5

Socrates.

*Socrates.* I am glad to see a dead person that seems to me to have been a Philosopher ; but you being lately come from above, and I not having seen any body here of a long time (for I am left lonely enough, and there is no great striving for my Conversation) will you not be disgusted if I ask you some News? How goes the World? Is it not hugely changed?

*Mont.* Extremely : You would not know it again.

*Socrat.* I am glad of it at my heart. I did ever suspect that it would of necessity become better and wiser than it was in my days.

*Mont.* What is your meaning? It is grown more foolish, and more corrupted than ever. That is the change I meant, and I expected to know of you the story of the time you saw, and wherein reigned :

reigned so much goodness and righteousness.

*Socrat.* And I, on the contrary, did expect to hear wonders of the Age in which you have lately lived. What? Have not the Men of these times corrected themselves of the follies of Antiquity?

*Mont.* I believe 'tis because you are ancient your self, that you speak so familiarly of Antiquity; but know that there is cause enough to lament its Manners, and that daily every thing grows worse.

*Socrat.* Can that be? Methinks all went very cross in my days. I thought that in the end they would take a more reasonable course, and that Men would better themselves by the experience of so many years.

*Mont.* And do Men try Experiences? They are just like Birds, who

who let themselves be caught in the same Net, in which an hundred thousand Birds had been already taken. There is not a Man that does not enter into Life all raw, and the follies of Fathers are of no advantage to Children.

*Socrat.* But why do not they make some Experiences? I should think that the World ought to be wiser, and more regular in its old days, than it had been in its youth.

*Mont.* Men in all Ages have the self same Inclinations, over which Reason has no power at all. So in all places where there are Men, there are follies, and the same follies.

*Socrat.* And upon that score, how would you have had the Ages of Antiquity been better than this Age is?

*Mont.*

*Mont.* Ah *Socrates* ! I knew well enough you had a singular way of arguing, and drawing so dexterously those you had to deal with into Arguments whereof they did not fore-see the Conclusion, that you lead them whither you had a mind ; and it was that which you called to be the Midwife of their thoughts, and bring them to Bed. I confess here I am brought to Bed of a Proposition quite contrary to that which I proposed ; for all that, I cannot yield yet. Sure it is, there are no more any of those vigorous and sturdy Souls of Antiquity, no *Aristides*, no *Phocians*, no *Pericles*, nor, in short, no *Socrates*.

*Socrat.* Where does it stick ? Is it that Nature has exhausted herself, and has no farther strength to produce those great Souls ? And why should she have wasted herself

self in nothing but in rational Men? None of her Works did degenerate yet; why should men only degenerate?

*Mont.* That is a point indeed; they do degenerate. Nature seems to have shewed us heretofore some patterns of great men, thereby to persuade us, that she could have made some if she had had a mind to it, and that afterwards she had made all the rest with neglect enough.

*Socrat.* One thing mind. Antiquity is an object of a particular kind, a far off, does add to it. Had you known *Aristides*, *Phocion*, *Pericles*, and my self, since you will put me in that number, you would have found in your Age some persons that were like us. That which does usually cause this prevention in people for Antiquity, is, because they are out of humour with their Age,

Age, and Antiquity takes advantage thereof. Men exalt the Ancients, to pull down their Contemporaries. When we lived, we esteemed our Ancestors more than they deserved; and now, our Posterity esteem us more than is our desert: but our Ancestors, and we, and our Posterity, all this is equal enough; and I believe the Spectacle of the World would be very tedious to him that should look upon it with an eye of Certitude, for 'tis always the same.

*Mont.* I should have believed that every thing was in motion, that all did change, and that the different Ages had their different Characters, as men had. And indeed, Are not some Ages learned, and are not others ignorant? Are not some plain and downright, and others again subtil and crafty? Some are serious, and some are toyish:

toyish : some again are fine and quaint, and others are gross and dull.

*Socrat.* 'Tis true.

*Mont.* Why shall there not be then some Ages more vertuous, and others more wicked?

*Socrat.* That is no consequence. Cloaths change ; but by that it is not meant that the Bodies change their form too : The neatness or the grossness, the knowledge or the ignorance, the more or less of a certain kind of downrightness, the serious or the toyish Genius ; these make but the out-side of Man, and all this does change ; but the heart does not change, and whole Man consists in the heart. People are ignorant in one Age, but the mode to be learned may come : People are interested, but the mode to be dis-interested will never come. Of the prodigious  
num-



number of Men unreasonable enough that are born in an hundred years, Nature, may be, has two or three dozen of them that are reasonable, which she must disperse over the whole Earth; and you judge well enough, that there are never in no place so many as may make a mode there of Vertue and of Righteousness.

*Mont.* Is this distribution of rational men equally made? There might have been some Ages that might have had a better share than others.

*Socrat.* Nature does ever act very regularly, but we do not judge as she acts.

The

# The Fourth Dialogue.

*Adrian the  
Emperor.*

*Margaret of  
Austria.*

*M. of Austria.*

**W**Hat ail's you? I see you  
are all in an heat.

*Adrian.* I have just now had a  
strong Contest with *Cato of Utica*,  
about the manner how we both  
died. I pretended that in this last  
action I had shewed my self more  
a Philosopher than he had.

*M. of Austria.* I think you ve-  
ry bold, that you dare question  
so famous a death as his. Was there  
any thing more glorious, than to  
take care that all was well settled  
in *Utica*, secure his Friends, and  
kill

kill himself, that he might end with the Liberty of his Country, and avoid falling into the hands of a Vanquisher, who would, however have spared him ?

*Adrian.* Oh ! if you did narrowly examine that death, you would find there were several things to question in it. In the first place, he had been so long in preparing himself for it, and he did prepare himself with such visible strifes, that no body in *Utica* made any question, but that *Cato* would kill himself. Secondly, Before he gave himself the blow, he was fain to read often the Dialogue where *Cato* treats of the Immortality of the Soul. Thirdly, The design he had laid put him so out of humour, that, going to Bed, and not finding his Sword under his Beds-head, (for, as people rightly guessed what he had a mind to do, they had taken

ken it away) he called one of his Slaves to ask him for it, and gave him so great a blow with his fist upon the face, that with it he struck out his teeth: this is so true, that he drew back his hand all bloody.

*M. of Austria.* I confess, this blow with the fist does very much spoil this Philosophical death.

*Adriun.* You cannot believe what a stir he made about this Sword taken away, and how he railed at his Son and at his Servants; saying, that they had a mind to deliver him up to *Cæsar*, hands and feet tied together. In fine, he scolded them all in such a manner, that they were fain to go out of his Chamber, and let him kill himself.

*M. of Austria.* Indeed, indeed, things might have gone on a little more mildly. He needed but have peaceably stayed till the next day to give himself his death. Nothing

is more easie than to die when one is bent upon it. But in all likelihood, the measures he had taken upon the account of his constancy, were so exact, that he could stay no longer; and he had not, perhaps, killed himself, had he delayed a day longer.

*Adrian.* You say right; and I see that you have skill in generous deaths.

*Miof. Austria.* Yet some say, that after they had carried this Sword to *Cato*, and had withdrawn themselves, he fell asleep, and snored. That would be brave enough.

*Adrian.* And do you believe this? He had but done scolding every body, and beating his servants; a man does not so easily fall asleep after such an exercise. Moreover, his hand he had struck his slave with did pain him too much to let him fall asleep, for he was  
not

not able to bear the pain he felt: and he made it be bound up by a Physician, though he was just going to kill himself. In short, from the time his Sword was brought, till Mid-night, he read *Plato's Dialogues* twice over. Then I could prove easily by a great Supper he made for all his friends, by a walk he took afterwards, and by all passages that happened till he was left alone in his Chamber, that it must be very late when that Sword was brought him: Moreover, the Dialogue he read twice over is very long; and by consequence, if he slept, he slept but a little while. Truly, I am much afraid he did but make as if he snored, that he might have the honour of it from those that hearkned at his Chamber door.

*M. of Austria.* You do not play the Critick amiss upon his death; which,

which, however, does carry in the bottom something that is very heroic. But which way can you pretend that yours has the better of it? For as much as I can remember, you died in your Bed, in a plain and unremarkable manner.

*Adrian.* What? Are not those Verses remarkable at all, which I made as I was just giving up the Ghost?

*My little Soul, my dear Darling,  
Thou;*

*Going thou art, Girl; and whither,  
God does know.*

*Alone thou goest, naked, and all over  
quaking. Alas!*

*What'll become of thy pretty fooling  
humour, Lass?*

*What'll become of so many pleasant  
frolicks, I can't guess.*

*Cato*

*Cato* treated Death like a business that was too serious, but you see, I drolled with it : and herein it is that I pretend that my Philosophy went far beyond *Cato's*. It is not so difficult haughtily to out-brave Death, as it is to joak her in a careless manner ; nor is it so hard a thing to receive her kindly when we call her to our aid, as when she comes when we have no need of her.

*M. of Austria.* Yes, I grant, *Cato's* death is not so brave as yours ; but, as ill luck would have it, I had not observed that you had made these small Verses, in which the bravery of yours does consist.

*Adrian.* This is the way of all the world. *Cato* may tear out his Bowels, rather than fall into the hands of his Enemy : it is, perhaps, no such great matter, if it be thoroughly examined ; yet such a  
feat



feat as that makes a vast shew  
in History, and there's not one  
but is taken with it. Another  
may die fair and quietly, and be  
in a capacity to make drolling Ver-  
ses upon his death, 'tis more than  
*Cato* has done ; but this has no-  
thing in it that is taking, and Hi-  
story does scarce take notice of it.

*M. of Austria.* Alas ! nothing is  
truer than what you say ; And I  
my self that now speak to you, I  
have a death that I pretend is far  
before yours, and yet 'tis less taken  
notice of. 'Tis not, however, a  
downright death ; but such as 'tis,  
it exceeds yours, that does exceed  
*Cato's*.

*Adrian.* How ? what do you  
mean ?

*M. of Austria.* I was an Empe-  
ror's Daughter. I was contracted  
to a King's Son ; and this Prince,  
after his father's death, sent me  
E back

back to mine , notwithstanding the solemn promise he had made to marry me. After this , they contracted me to the Son of another King ; and as I was going by Sea to this Husband, my Ship was beaten with a terrible Tempest, which cast my life into evident danger. Then it was that I made my self this Epitaph :

*Megg, that pretty Damsel does here  
lie ;*

*Has two Husbands, and yet a Maid  
does die.*

The truth is, I did not die that bout, but 'twas not my fault. Conceive well this kind of death, you'll be satisfied with it. *Cato's* Constancy is injured in one kind, yours in another, mine is natural. He is too high, you are too drolling, I am reasonable.

*Adrian.*

*Adrian.* What? You tax me of having had too little fear of death.

*M. of Austria.* I do. It is not likely that a man should be in no disorder at his dying hour; and I am confident you did force your self then to droll, as much as *Cato* did to tear out his Entrails. I am every moment in expectation of Shipwrack without frightening my my self, and I mak my Epitaph in cold blood; this is very extraordinary, and if there were nothing to moderate this History, there would be some reason not to believe it, or to believe that I did act only by way of *Rhodomantado*. But in the mean while, I am a poor Girl, twice contracted, and yet have been so unlucky, as to die a Maid: I shew my Concern for it, and that gives my History all requisite appearance of truth. Your Verses, mind them well, carry no

meaning with them ; there is nothing but a *Gibbrish*, made up of a few Childish Terms ; but mine have a very clear Sense, and give content at the very first : which is a sign that Nature speaks in them much more than in yours.

*Adrian.* Truly, I should never have believed, that the trouble to die a Virgin ought to have been so much to your Glory.

*M. of Austria.* Make your self as pleasant with this as you please ; but my death, if it may be termed so, has another especial advantage over *Cato's*, and over yours. You had both of you played the Philosophers so much whilst you lived, that you had engaged your selves upon Honour, not to be afraid of death : and if you had had the liberty to fear it, I cannot tell what would have come on it. But I, as long as the storm lasted, I had a  
Right

Right to tremble, and make my  
cries reach Heaven, without any  
body's taking exception at it, or  
having a less esteem for me. Ne-  
vertheless, I remained quiet enough  
to make my Epitaph.

*Adrian.* Betwixt you and I, Was  
not the Epitaph made on Shore?

*M. of Astria.* Ah! this wrangling  
thus is ill-becoming : I did not so  
by you, about your Verses.

*Adrian.* I yield then, in good  
earnest ; and I grant, that when  
Vertue does not go beyond the  
bounds of Nature, she is very  
great.

## The Fifth Dialogue.

*Erasistrates.**Herveus.**Erasistrates.*

**Y**OU tell me wonders. What? the Blood circulates in the Body? the Veins carry it from the Extremities of the Heart, and goes from the Heart into the Arteries, which convey it back again towards the Extremities?

*Herveus.* I have shewed so many Experiences of this, that nobody makes any further question of it.

*Arasist.* We deceived our selves very much then, we Physicians of Antiquity, who took the Blood to have but one flow motion from the Heart, -towards the Extremities.

ties of the Body ; and people are highly obliged to you, for having abolished this ancient Error.

*Herv.* So I pretend. And people ought too to be so much the more obliged to me, in that I was the first that set them in the way to make all those fine Discoveries, as are now made in Anatomy. Since I once found out the Circulation of the Blood, 'tis now, who shall find a new Conduit out, to convey the Blood into all parts of the Body ; a new Reservatory ? It looks as though whole Man were melted down again. Behold the advantages our Modern Physick ought to have above yours. You made it your business to cure the Body of Man, and his Body was altogether unknown to you.

*Erasist.* I own that your modern Physitians are better Naturalists than we ; they understand Nature better,

better, but they are not better Physitians; we cured the Sick as well as they cure them. I could wish all these modern ones, and you the very first of all, had had Prince *Antiochus* in hand to cure of his Quartern Ague. You know how I went about it, and how I discovered by the more than ordinary beating of his Pulse in the presence of *Stratonice*, that he was enamoured with that beautiful Queen, and that his whole Disease did proceed from his violent striving to hide his Passion. And yet I made so difficult and so considerable a Cure as that was, without knowing that the blood did circulate; and I am of opinion, that notwithstanding the help you might have received from this knowledge, you would have been very much puzzled had you been in my place. The Point then in agitation



gitation was not about new Conduits, nor new Reservatories, what was most considerable to be known in the Patient, was the heart.

*Herv.* The heart is not always the Point in question, and all sick people are not in love with their Mother-in-law, as *Antiochus* was. I make no doubt but for want of knowing that the blood does circulate, you have let a great many people die under your hands.

*Eras.* What? you take your new discoveries to be very useful?

*Herv.* Sure enough.

*Eras.* Answer then, if you please a little question, which I shall put to you: What's the reason we daily see as many Dead come hither as ever did come?

*Herv.* Oh! if they die, 'tis their own fault; the Physicians are now no more in fault.

*Eras.* But this circulation of the blood, these Conduits, these Pipes of Conveyance, these Reservatories; all these then are of no use to cure?

*Herv.* Perhaps men have not had pleasure as yet, to make any use of all they have learnt of late, but 'tis impossible but in time, they'll see great effects thereof.

*Eras.* Upon my word nothing will change. See you? There is a certain measure of useful knowledges, which came early to men, whereunto they have made little addition, and they will not go far beyond it, if at all. They are thus much obliged to Nature, that she did very speedily inspire them with what knowledge they stood in need of; for they had been

been undone, if she had left it to the slowness of their reason to find out. As for other things which are not so necessary, they are discovered by little and little, and in a long run of years.

*Herv.* It would be strange that having a better knowledge of man; man cannot cure him better: At that rate, why should one go about to perfectionate the knowledge of the body of man? It would be better to let all alone.

*Eras.* There would be a loss of very pleasant knowledges; but as for the utility, I think that to discover a new Conduit in man's body, or a new Star in the Sky, would come to one and the same thing. Nature will have men at some certain times succeed one another by the means of death; they have the liberty to defend them-

selves against her till such an appointed instant; but past that, it will be to no purpose to make new discoveries in Anatomy, in vain will it be to penetrate further and further into the Secrets of the frame of man's Body; Nature will not be baffled, People will die after the usual manner.

The

## The Sixth Dialogue.

Berenice, *Cosmus Medicis* the  
Second.

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*Cosmus of Medicis.*

SOME learned Persons lately  
deceased have just now told  
me some News that troubles me  
very much. You must understand  
that *Galileus*, who was my Mathe-  
matician, had made a discovery  
of certain Planets that turn round  
about *Jupiter*, which, in honour  
of me, he called the Stars of *Me-  
dicis*. But I am told that they are  
scarce known now by that Name,  
and that they are but plainly call'd  
*Jupiter's Satellites*. The World  
must

must needs be very wicked now, and very envious of anothers glory.

*Berenice*, No doubt of it, I seldom knew more remarkable effects of its malignity.

*C. Medicis*, You speak of it with little concern, after the good-luck you have had. You had made a Vow that you would cut off your hair if your Husband *Ptolomy* came back victorious from I can not tell——what War. He returned having defeated his Enemies; you Consecrated your hair in the Temple of *Venus*, and the next day a Mathematician made it disappear, and publicly declared, that they had been changed into a *Constellation*, which he called *Berenices Locks*. To make Stars pass for a Womans hair, that was far worse than to give a Prince his Name to new Planets; how-

however your hair has had success, and those poor Stars call'd *Medicis*, could not have the like Fortune.

*Berenice*, If I could give you my Celestial hair, I would give it to comfort you; and I should withal be so generous as not to pretend that you should be much obliged to me for that present.

*C. Medicis*, It would be considerable though, and I wish my Name were as sure to live as yours is.

*Berenice*, Alas! in case all the Constellations should bear my Name, should I be the better for it? It would be above in the Heavens, and I my self, I should be still here below. Men are pleasant, they cannot steal away from Death themselves, and they strive to rob her of two or three Syllables that belongs to them. This is a pretty Cheat

Cheat they think to put upon her. Were it not better they would in an handfom way consent to die, they and their Names too?

*C. Med.* I am not of your mind : People die, but as little as is possible, and as dead as they are, they endeavour to fasten upon life still, either in a piece of Marble which represents them, by stones raised up the one upon the other ; ay, by ones one Tomb. A man drowns himself, and hangs on all these Hooks.

*Berenice,* Ay, but those things which should preserve our Names from death, die themselves after their way. To what will you fix your immortality ? A Town, an Empire it self, can hardly be responsible to you for it.

*C. Medicis,*



*C. Medicis*, The invention of giving ones Name to Stars, is not bad ; they last forever.

*Berenice*, Yet after the manner as I hear people talk, the Stars too are liable to fail : They say new ones come, and ancient ones go away ; and you will see that at length I shall not have one single hair perhaps remaining in the Sky. At least that which cannot be wanting to our Names, is as I may say, a Grammatical death ; some changes in the Letters does put them in a condition to be of no farther use than to intangle the Learned. It is not long since I saw here below two dead persons, who had a very hot Contest with one another. I drew near, I asked who they were ; and I was told that the one was the great *Constantine*, and the other a *Barbarian* Emperour. Their Dispute was about

bout the preference of their past Greatness. *Constantine* said, he had been Emperour of *Constantinople*; and the *Barbarian* that he had been so of *Stambole*. The first said, to set out his *Constantinople*, that it was seated upon three Seas, upon the *Euxin*, upon the *Bosphorus* of *Thracia*, and upon the *Propontides*. The other replied, that *Stambole* did also command three Seas, The *black Sea*, the *streight*, and the *Sea Marmara*. This relation of *Constantinople* and *Stambole* did put *Constantine* into a maze; but after he had exactly informed himself of the situation of *Stambole*, he was yet more amazed, to find that it was *Constantinople*, which he could not know again, because of the change of Names. *Alas!* said he aloud, *I should have done as well to have left Constantinople her first Name*  
of

of Bizantium. *Who'l find out the Name of Constantine in Stambole ? He will indeed find there what he looks for.*

*C. Medicis*, In earnest, you comfort me a little, and I am resolved to have patience. When all is done, since we could not choose but die, it is pretty reasonable that our Names should die too ; they are of no better quality than we.

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DIA.

# DIALOGUES

OF SOME

*Modern Dead.*

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## The First Dialogue.

*Anne of  
Britany.*

*Mary of  
England.*

*Anne of Britany.*

**F**OR certain, my death did  
you a great kindness : you,  
immediately upon it, crossed  
the Sea to go and marry *Lewis XII.*  
and seize upon the Throne which  
I left empty for you. But you  
enjoyed it but a while, and I was  
revenged of you by means of your  
youth

youth and beauty, which rendred you too too lovely in the King's eye ; and, with overmuch facility, did comfort him in his loss of me ; for they hastned his death, and hindred you from being Queen long.

*Mary of England*, Truly, Royalty did but just shew it self to me, and presently disappeared.

*Anne of Brit.* And after this, you became Dutcheß of *Suffolk*. A fair fall. For my part, Heaven be thanked, I have had another destiny. When *Charles VIII.* died, I did not lose my place by his death, and I married his Successor ; which is an example of a very singular happiness.

*Mary of Engl.* Would you believe me, if I did tell you, that I never bore you any grudge for that happiness.

*Anne*

*Anne of Brit.* No. I apprehend too well what it is to be Dutchess of *Suffolk*, having first been Queen of *France*.

*Mary of Engl.* But I loved the Duke of *Suffolk*.

*Anne of Brit.* That's nothing. After one has once tasted the sweetness of Royalty, is it possible to relish any other ?

*Mary of Engl.* It is, provided they be of love. I do assure you, that you ought not to wish me ill for having succeeded you. If, all along, I could have disposed of my self, I should have been but a Dutchess ; and I made a speedy return into *England*, to take upon me that Title, so soon as ever I was discharged of that of Queen.

*Anne of Brit.* Were you so low minded ?

*Mary of Engl.* Ambition, I must confess, was of no concern to me.

Nature

Nature has made some plain pleasures for men, such as are easie and quiet, and their imagination makes them some that are intricate, uncertain, and hard to come by: but Nature is more dexterous in creating them pleasures, than they are themselves. Why do not they commit that charge to her? She invented Love, which is very pleasing; and they have invented Ambition, which was needless.

*Anne of Brit.* Who tells you that men did invent Ambition? Nature is no less busie in inspiring desires of elevation and commanding, than she is in working an inclination in men to love.

*Mary of Engl.* Ambition may be easily known to be a work of the imagination; she is the very form of it: she is restless, full of chymical projects; she has no sooner attained her desires, but she

out-goes them again. She aims still at a mark she never hits.

*Anne of Brit.* And unluckily, Love has a mark which he hits but too soon.

*Mary of Engl.* That which ensues hereupon is, that one may oftentimes be happy through Love, and one can be so but once through Ambition; or, if it be possible to be so, at least, those kind of pleasures are made for no great number of persons; and consequently, Nature does not propose them to Men, for her favours are always very general. Consider Love; 'tis made for every one. None but such as do seek out their happiness in a state too elevated, do think that Nature has grudged them the sweet delights of Love. A King who can make himself sure of an hundred thousand Arms, cannot, perhaps, make himself



himself sure of one heart. He knows not whether that which a man does for another person, be not done out of a point of Honour. His Royalty deprives him of the sincerest and the sweetest pleasures.

*Anne of Brit.* You do not render Kings much the more unhappy by this inconvenience you find out in their condition. When a man sees his Will not only fulfilled, but prevented an infinite number of Fortunes depending upon a word, which he may utter when he pleases; so many cares, such a multitude of designs, so much eagerness, such an application to please, whereas he is the only object; truly it is a comfort to a man, not to know exactly, whether he be loved for his degrees sake, or for his person sake. The pleasures of Ambition say you, are de-

designed for too few: what you charge them with, as a fault, is their greatest charm. In point of good luck Exception flatters; and such as reign are excepted with so much advantage from the condition of other men, that though they should lose something of the pleasures which are common to all the world, they would still have more than they would desire.

*Mary of Engl.* Ah! judge of their loss by the sensibility wherewith they receive those sincere and common pleasures, when any present themselves. Hear what a Princess of my own Blood told me here the other day, who has reigned in *England*, both very long, and very happily, and without an Husband too. She gave her first Audience to some *Dutch* Ambassadors, who had in their Retinue a handsome young man, so long as he

law

saw the Queen, he turned himself towards some that were near him, and spoke something to them softly, but with a Countenance that made her guess pretty well what he said; for Women are endued with an admirable instinct. Those three or four words of this young *Dutch*-man, which she had not heard, remained more in her mind, than the whole speech of the Ambassadors: and, as soon as they were gone, she would needs satisfy her self in what she had imagined. She asked those to whom this young man had spoken, what he had said to them? They made her answer, with great respect, that it was what they did not dare to tell again to so great a Queen; and forbore telling it a long time. In fine, when she made use of her absolute Authority, she was told, that the *Dutch*-man had said in a

low voice: *Ah! this is an handsome Woman*; and had added some grosser expression, but brisk, to shew that he liked her. They made the relation hereof with great apprehension; however, nothing happened upon it, saving only, that when she dismissed the Ambassadors, she made a considerable Present to the young *Dutchman*. See how, among all these pleasures of Greatness and Royalty, this of being thought handsome did touch her to the quick.

*Anne of Brit.* But, in fine, she would not have purchased it with the loss of the other. Any thing that is too downright, is not for Man's turn. It is not sufficient that pleasures do take with sweetness: they must agitate and transport a man. How comes it to pass, that the Pastoral life, such as the Poets describe it, had never any Being, but

but in their works, and would not be liked of, if put in practice? It is too sweet, and too too plain.

*Mary of Engl.* I confess, men have spoiled all. But how happens it, that the sight of the most Majestical and most pompous Court in the World has not the power to allure them, so much as the *Ideas* do which sometimes they propose to themselves of this same Pastoral Life? meerly because they were made for it.

*Anne of Brit.* In like manner, the sharing in your plain and undisturbed pleasures, is but to enter into those *Chymera's* which men frame to themselves.

*Mary of Engl.* Not at all. If it be true that there are but few persons that can make such a distinction as to begin with those kind of pleasures, people are willing, at least, to end with them when they

can. The Imagination has run over all false objects, and she comes back to the true ones.

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## The Second Dialogue.

*Charles V. Erasmus.*

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*Erasmus.*

**M**ake no question of it : if there was any such thing as place among the Dead, I would not yield you the precedency.

*Charles V.* What? A Grammarian, one of Learning; and what is yet more, a man of Wit, would pretend to be better than a Prince that has been Master of the better part of *Europe*?

*Eraf-*

*Erasmus*. Put *America* to it also, and I shall not fear you a jot the more. All this greatness was, as one may say, but a composition of many hazards; and if one should dis-unite all the parts that make it up, you would see plainly that it was so. If *Ferdinando*, your Grandfather, had been a man of his word, little would have remained to you in *Italy*. If any other Princes but he had the wit to believe that there were *Antipodes*, *Christopher Columbus* would not have applied himself to him, and *America* had not been in the number of your States. If, after the death of the last Duke of *Burgundy*, *Lewis XI.* had minded what he did, *Maximilian* had not had the Heiress of *Burgundy*, nor you had not had the *Low-Countries*. If *Henry of Castyle*, Brother to your Grandmother *Isabella*, had not had



an ill Reputation among Women, or if his Wifes Honesty had not been something questionable, *Henry's* Daughter had passed for her Daughter, and you would have missed the Kingdom of *Castille*.

*Charles V.* You make me tremble. I fancy now at this very moment, that I am losing either *Castille*, or the *Low-Countries*, *America* or *Italy*.

*Erasmus.* Mock not. You would find it a task to make the one a little more solid, and the other somewhat more faithful. Take all, to the very impotency of your Great Uncle, or the pertness of your Great Aunt, and you will find, that it will be but necessary for you. See what a brittle building that is, which is founded upon so many things depending upon hazard.

*Charles*



*Charles V.* Indeed it is not possible to withstand so strict an Examination as is yours. I must needs confess, that all my Greatness, and all my Titles do disappear in your presence.

*Erasmus.* These are the qualities though you pretended to adorn your self with all ; I have stript you of them without any trouble. Do not you remember you have heard say, that *Cimon* the *Athenian*, having taken several *Persians* Prisoners, did expose to Sale, on one side the Cloaths, and their Bodies quite naked on the other ; and that whereas the Cloaths were extraordinarily rich, there was great crowding to buy them ; but as to the men, no body would meddle with them. In good earnest, I am apt to believe, that what did happen to these *Persians*, would be the lot of many

an one, if there should be a separation made of the personal Merit from that which Fortune has bestowed upon them.

*Charles V.* But what is this same personal Merit ?

*Erasmus.* Is that a Question to be asked ? All that is within us. The Mind, for example, Sciences.

*Charles V.* And one may lawfully glory in them ?

*Erasmus.* No doubt of it, the benefits of Fortune, as Gentility or Riches, are not it.

*Charles V.* What you say, surprises me. Does not Sciences come to the Learned, as Riches do to the most part of such as are rich ? Is it not by way of Succession ? You learned men, you inherit of the Antients, as we do of our Fathers. If all we enjoy was bequeathed unto us, all that you know was bequeathed to you also.  
And

And 'tis that which makes many learned men look upon what they have received from the Ancients, with the same respect as some persons do upon the Lands and the Houses of their Ancestors, wherein they would be loth to make any alteration.

*Erasmus.* But the Great Ones are born Heirs to their Fathers Greatness, and the Learned were not born Heirs to the Knowledge of the Ancients. Learning is not a Succession that Man receives, it is a new Acquisition which he undertakes to make; or if it be a Succession, it is hard enough to come by, though it be very honourable.

*Charles V.* Well then; let the labour there is to gain the Goods of the mind, against that a man meets with to preserve the Goods of Fortune, then all is equal; for,  
in

in fine, if you regard difficulty alone, 'tis certain the concerns of the World have more in them, than the speculations of the Cabinet have.

*Erasmus.* But let us not talk of Learning, let us stick to the mind; that advantage does no ways depend upon hazard.

*Charles V.* It does not depend upon hazard? What, does not the mind consist in a certain Conformation of the Brain? And is Hazard the less to be made of, for taking Birth of a well disposed Brain, than if it were born of a Father that were a King? You were a great Wit; but ask all the Philosophers, what did hinder that you were not a stupified Block-head? Almost nothing, some little disposition of a Muscle-string; something, in fine, that the exactest Anatomy could never discover.

And

And will these Gentlemen, your Wits, dare to maintain, now, that they alone do enjoy Goods which are independent of Hazard ; and they will think then, they have a Right to contemn all other men ?

*Erasmus.* At your rate, to be rich, and to have Wit, is the same Merit.

*Charles V.* To have Wit is the more happy hazard ; but, at the bottom, it is still an hazard.

*Erasmus.* All is hazard then ?

*Charles V.* It is so, provided you will give that name to an unknown quality. I leave it to you to judge, if I have not stript men better yet than you did : you only took from them some advantages of Birth, and I do not so much as leave them those of the mind. If before they took a vanity in any thing, they did make themselves sure, whether they had any Right to that same

'same thing, there would be but  
little vanity in the World.

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## The Third Dialogue.

*Elizabeth of  
England.*

*The Duke of  
Alençon.*

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*The Duke.*

**B**UT why have you flattered  
me so long with the hopes of  
marrying you, since, in your soul,  
you were resolved to come to no  
conclusion?

*Q. Elizabeth.* I have deceived  
many an one else, that was not  
inferior to you. I was the *Pene-*  
*lope* of my Age. You, the Duke  
of *Anjou*, your Brother, the Arch-  
Duke,

Duke, the King of *Swede*, you were all my Suitors, that aimed at an Island far beyond that of *Ithaca*, I kept you in hand several years, and in the end I laughed at you.

*Duke*. Here are in this place some certain Dead, that would not yield that you were altogether like *Penelope*: but there are no comparisons that are not defective in some kind or other.

*Q. Eliz.* If you were not as great a Buzzard still as ever, and that you could mind what you say——

*Duke*. That is well; be serious now, I advise you. Thus you have ever made your Bravado's of---- Witness that great Country of *America*, which you made be called *Virginia*, in memory of a very doubtful quality. If, by good luck, that place were not in another World, the name it bears would

would be very improper : but it is no matter, this is not the business in question. Do so much as give me a reason for your mysterious Conduct, and for all those projects of Marriage, which came to nothing. Is it that the six Marriages of *Henry VIII.* your Father, did teach you not to marry ; as the continual Courses of *Charles V.* taught *Philip II.* to stay constantly in *Madrid* ?

*Q. Eliz.* I might keep to the reason which you supply me with. Indeed my Father spent his whole life in marrying himself, and unmarried again ; in repudiating some of his Wives, and causing others to be beheaded. But the true secret of my Conduct is, that I found nothing more pretty than to frame Designs, make Preparatives, and execute nothing. Enjoyment of what a man does ardently



dently desire, abates of the esteem of it ; and things do not pass from our imagination, to reality, without some loss. You come into *England* to marry me ; then nothing but Balls, Feasting, Rejoycings ; nay, I go so far as to give you a Ring. Hitherto every thing smiles as much as possible ; all consists but in Preparatives, and in *Ideas* : Besides, that which does perfect the delight of Marriage, is already exhausted. Here I stick, and dismiss you.

*Duke.* To be free with you, your Maxims would not have suited with me ; I should have desired something more than *Chymeras*.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah ! if men were debarred of *Chymeras*, what pleasures would they have left them ? I see well enough that you have had no sense of all the pleasures which attended your life ; but you are  
very

very unhappy indeed, that you did lose them.

*Duke.* How? What delights were there in my life? I never sped in any thing. I was like to be King four several times: first of all *Poland* was the place in agitation; then *England*; and the *Low-Countries*; at last, *France*, in all appearance, was likely to fall to me: yet, for all this, I am come hither without Reigning.

*Q. Eliz.* And this is the happiness you were not aware of. Always imaginations, hopes; and never any reality. You did nothing but prepare your self for Royalty all your life-time, as I did all along prepare my self for Marriage.

*Duke.* But as I believe that a real Marriage might have fitted you, I tell you truly, that a real  
Royalty

Royalty would have pleased me well enough.

*Q. Eliz.* Pleasures are not solid enough to bear a search into their depth ; they must be but just smelled unto. They are like those boggy Grounds, which a man is obliged to run lightly over, without ever settling his foot upon them.

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The

# The Fourth Dialogue.

*William of Cabestan.*      *Albertus Frederick  
of Brandebourg.*

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*A. F. of Bradebourg.*

**I** Love you the better for having been a fool as well as my self. Tell me a little what your folly was.

*Cabestan.* I was a Poet of *Pro-  
vence*, much set by in my Age ;  
which caused my ruin. I fell in love  
with a Lady, whom I had rendred  
famous by my Writings. But she  
took such a liking to my Verses,  
that she began to fear lest I should,  
some time or other, apply them to  
some-other person ; and, the bet-  
ter to secure her self of the con-  
stancy

stancy of my Muse, she gave me a cursed Drink that turned my Wits, and made me incapable of writing any more.

*Brand.* How long have you been dead?

*Cab.* Near upon four hundred years.

*Brand.* Sure, Poets were ever scarce in your Age, since people had so much esteem for them, as to poyson them in this manner. I am sorry you were not born in my time; you might have made Verses for all kind of handsome Women, without any fear of Poyson.

*Cab.* I know it. I see none of all those great Wits that come hither, make their complaints of having had my destiny. But you, in what manner became you a fool?

*Brand.*

*Brand.* After a very reasonable manner. A King turned fool, after having had something appear to him in a Forest. But what I saw was far more terrible.

*Cab.* And what did you see?

*Brand.* In what manner my Wedding was to be kept. I did marry *Mary Eleonora* of Cleve; and all along this great day of rejoicing, I made such judicious reflections upon Marriage, that they put me out of my Wits.

*Cab.* Had you any good intervals in your sickness?

*Brand.* Yes.

*Cab.* So much the worse: and I, for my part, I was yet more unfortunate: I recovered my Wits again.

*Brand.* I should never have believed that that was a misfortune.

*Cab.* When a man turns Fool, he must be an absolute one, and con-

continue such an one. These Alternatives of Reason and Folly, and these Returns again of perfect Reason is the property of your petty Fools only, that are so but by accident, and which are but inconsiderable in number. But behold these which Nature does daily produce in her natural course, and wherewith the World is filled; they are always Fools in an equal manner, and are never cured.

*Brand.* For my part, I should have imagined, that it were best to be as little Fool as one could.

*Cab.* Ah! do you not know the use of folly. Folly hinders a man from knowing himself; for the sight of his own self is a sad one: and, as 'tis never time to know ones self, so folly must not forsake man one single moment.

*Brand.*

*Brand.* You may say what you will; you shall not persuade me that there be any other fools, than those that are so, as both of us have been. The rest of men have all Reason; else the loss of a man's Wits would be no loss, and one could not distinguish the Frantick from such as were in their right Senses.

*Cab.* The Frantick are only fools of another kind. The follies of all men, being of one same nature, have agreed together with so much ease, that they have been instrumental to the making up of the strongest ties of Humane Society: witness that desire of Immortality, that false Glory, and several other Principles, which give a motion to all that is done in the World. And none are called fools now, but some certain fools that are, as one may say, out



of employment, and whose folly could not suit with that of the rest, nor enter into the common dealings of life.

*Brand.* Those that are frantick, are such great fools, that, for the most part, they call one another fool; but your other men call themselves wise persons.

*Cab.* Ah! What is it you say? All men point at one another with their finger, and Nature has very judiciously settled that Order. The Solitary Man laughs at the Courtier; but to be even with him, he goes not to trouble him at Court. The Courtier laughs at the Solitary Man, but he lets him alone in quiet in his retirement. If there were ever a side to be taken, that were known to be the only reasonable side, every one would embrace that side, and there would be too much crowding: it is better to be

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divided into several little Troops, that embroil not one another, because some laugh at what the other do.

*Brand.* As dead as you are, I find you are a great fool with all your Arguments : you are not well recovered yet of the Drench was given you.

*Cab.* And this is the *Idea* which a fool must always conceive of another. True Wisdom would too much singularize those enjoyed her : but the Opinion of Wisdom renders all men equal, and does no less satisfy them.

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## The Fifth Dialogue.

*Agnes Sorel.**Roxelana.**Agnes Sorel.*

**T**O tell you the truth, I do not understand your *Turkish Gallantry*. The Beauties of the *Seraglio* have a Lover that need only say, *My Will is so*; they never taste of the pleasure of Resistance, and they never afford him the pleasure of Victory: that is to say, that the Sultans and their Sultaneſſes do never enjoy the delights of Love.

*Roxelana.* What will you have? the *Turkish* Emperors, who are strangely jealous of their Authority, have, upon Reasons of Policy, neglected those so refined de-

lights of Love. They were afraid that such Beauties as did not absolutely depend upon them, would assume too great a power over their mind, and meddle too much with Affairs.

*Agnes Sorel.* Why, well, How know they whether it would be a misfortune? Love is often good for many things: and I that speak to you, if I had not been Mistress to a King of *France*; and if I had not had a great power over him, I know not whereabouts *France* would have been by this time. Have you heard in what a desperate condition our Affairs were in under *Charles* the Seventh, and into what a plight the whole Kingdom was reduced; the *English* being almost Masters of it all?

*Roxelana.* I have, as this History has made a great noise. I know that a certain Maid did pre-

preserve *France* : You are then the Maid ? And how were you, the same time, Mistress to the King ?

*Agnes Sorel.* You mistake your self ; I have no concern with the Maid you have been told of. The King, of whom I was beloved, had a mind to leave his Kingdom to Strangers that were Usurpers, and go and hide himself in a Country full of Mountains, whither I should not have been very well contented to follow him. I be-thought my self of a Stratagem to divert him from this design. I sent for an Astronomer, whom I dealt withal under-hand ; and after he had made a shew of studying my Nativity, he told me one day, in presence of *Charles* the Seventh, that all the Planets were Cheats, or I should inspire a passion of long continuance into a

great King. I presently said to Charles; *You will not take it ill then, Sir, that I go over to the Court of England; for you will be no longer King, and you have not loved me long enough to fulfil my destiny.* His fear of losing me made him resolve to be King of the French; and he began, at that very time, to re-establish himself. Behold how much France is obliged to Love, and how gallant that Kingdom ought to be, though it were but by way of acknowledgment.

*Roxelana.* 'Tis true. But I must to my Maid again: What did she do then? Could History be so much mistaken, as to attribute to a young Country Maid that which did belong to a Court Lady, the King's Mistress?

*Agnes*

*Agnes Sarel.* If History should be so far mistaken, it would be no great wonder. Yet 'tis most certain, that the Maid did highly encourage the Soldiers; but I had before-hand animated the King. She was a great help to this Prince, whom she found ready to engage with the *English*: but, had it not been for me, she would not have found him in that posture. In short, you will no farther question the share I have in that great Affair, when you shall know the testimony which was given in my behalf in this, by one of *Charles* the Seventh's Successors, in this *Quatrine*.

*Gentle Agnes, more Honour is thy  
due,  
The Cause being France, for to res-  
cue.*

*Then what, in a Cloister, can be  
done*

*By devout Hermit, or enclosed  
Nun.*

What say you to it *Roxelana*?  
You will own, that if I had been  
a Sultanness, like you, and had  
not had a Right to threaten  
*Charles* the Seventh as I did, he  
had been undone.

*Roxelana.* I wonder at the va-  
nity you take in this petty Acti-  
on. You had no difficulty to  
gain very much upon the mind of  
a Lover, you that were free, and  
your own Mistress: but I, as much  
a Slave as I was; I did, for all  
that, make the Sultan submit un-  
to me. You made *Charles* the  
Seventh King, almost against his  
Will; and I made *Soliman* my  
Husband, in spite of himself.

*Agnes*



*Agnes Sorel.* But how? They say, the Sultans never marry.

*Roxelana.* I grant it: However, I was resolved to marry *Soliman*, though I could not bring him to it out of hopes of an happiness which he had not, as yet, obtained. I will tell you a stratagem that goes beyond yours. I began to build Temples, and to do several other works of Piety; after which, I made shew of a deep Melancholy. The Sultan asked me the reason of it a thousand and a thousand times: and when I had made as much a do as was necessary, I told him, that the cause of my trouble was, because all my good Actions, as our Doctors had told me, did me no good; and that, as I was a Slave, I did but labour for *Soliman*, my Lörd. Hereupon *Soliman* made me free, to the end, that the Merit of my

good Actions might redound to my own self. But when he had a mind to live with me as formerly, and treat me like a Beauty of the *Seraglio*, I made as if I were much surpris'd; and represented unto him, in a very serious manner, that he had no Right over the Person of a free Woman. *Soliman* had a tender Conscience: he went to a Doctor of the Law, with whom I did deal under-hand, to consult about this Case. His Answer was, that *Soliman* should beware of pretending any thing over me, who was no more his Slave; and that, unless he did marry me, I could be no longer his. Now he is more in Love than ever. He had but one Choice to make, but a very extraordinary one, and dangerous to boot for a Sultan: However, he made it, and married me.

*Agnes Sorel.* I must confess, 'tis a brave thing to make those submit, who do so fore-arm themselves against our Power.

*Roxelana.* Men may do as much as in them lies : when they are laid hold on by their Passions, one may lead them where one please. Let me return to life again, and let me have the most domineering man in the world ; I will handle him as I will myself, so I have a great deal of Wit, Beauty enough, and but little Love.

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## The Sixth Dialogue.

*Jane* the First  
of *Naples*.

*Anselme*.

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*Jane* of *Naples*.

**H**OW ? Can you tell me nothing that is to come ? You have not forgot all your former Astrology ?

*Anselme*. And how is it possible to put it in practice ? We have neither Sky nor Stars here.

*Jane* of *Naples*. 'Tis no matter. I will dispence with you, for observing the Rules so exactly.

*Anselme*. It would be pretty, that a dead man should prophecy. But yet, upon what ?

*Jane* of *Naples*, Upon me, upon what concerns me.

*Anselme*.

*Anselme.* That is a good one :  
You are dead, and will be so still :  
This is all I have to foretell of you.  
Is our Condition such, that our  
Concerns may change ?

*Jane of Naples.* No. But yet,  
that is it which does cruelly  
trouble me : And though I know  
nothing will happen to me, if you  
would ; for all that, fore-tell me  
something ; it would employ me.  
You cannot imagine what a sad  
thing it is, to have no time to  
come to look upon. Come ; some  
little Prophecie, pray you, such  
as you will.

*Anselme.* To behold your rest-  
lessness, one would think you were  
yet living. Thus one is too above.  
One cannot be what one is there,  
with patience : we anticipate al-  
ways what we shall be ; but here  
we must be more wise.

*Jane*

*Fane of Naples.* Ah! Have not men reason to do as they do? The time present is but an instant, and it would be a pitiful case, they should be reduced to limit their fore-sight there: Is it not better they should extend it as far as it is possible, and gain something upon time to come? They possess themselves, however, of so much before-hand.

*Anselme.* But they borrow so much upon time to come, by their imaginations, and by their hopes, that, when it is present, they find that it is quite spent, and make no use of it. In the mean time, they do not break themselves of their impatience, nor of their restless humour. Mens great Lure is, *Time to come* still; and we Astrologers know it better than any. We boldly tell them, that there are cold Signs  
and

and hot Signs ; that some are Male , and some are Female ; that some Planets are good, and some bad ; and that there are others that, in themselves, are neither good nor bad ; but they take upon them either of the two Qualities, according as they fall or light in company. And all these flames are very well accepted of, because it is believed they lead to the knowledge of time to come.

*Jane of Naples.* Why, do they not truly ? I would have you that have been my Astronomer, tell me something that is ill of Astrology.

*Anselme.* Hear me. A dead man would not tell a lie : I did deceive you with this Astrology that you value so.

*Jane of Naples.* Oh ! Herein I do not believe you your own self. How could you have fore-told me, that I should be married four times?

times? Was there the least appearance, that a person that was any whit rational, would engage in Matrimony four times one after the other? You must needs have read it in the Heavens.

*Anselme.* I consulted them far less than I did your inclinations: but, after all, some Prophecies that fall out right, prove nothing. Shall I carry you to a dead person, who will tell you a pretty pleasant story? He was an Astronomer, and gave no more credit to Astrology than I did. Nevertheless, to try whether there was any thing of certainty in his Art, he did apply his whole care, one day, to observe the Rules exactly; and did fore-tell some particular Events in one person, harder by much to guess at, than your four Marriages. All he fore-told did come to pass: Never was he  
more



more surprised. He presently looked over his Astrological Calculations, which had been the Ground of his Predictions, know you what he found? He had made a mistake ; and, if his Supputations had been right, he should have fore-told the quite contrary of what he did foretell.

*Jane of Naples.* If I did believe this were true, I should be much concerned it should not be known in the World, that they might undeceive themselves in Astronomers.

*Anselme.* There are other-guise stories than this known, and more to their disadvantage ; and yet their Trade holds good. People will never be dis-abused in any thing that concerns *Time to come* ; it has too powerful a Charm. Men, for example, sacrifice all they have to one Hope ;  
and

and all they had, and what they have lately purchased, they still sacrifice it to another Hope: and this seems to be a malicious Order, established in Nature, to bereave them still of what they possess. Men do little care to be happy in the moment then present, they put off being so to *a Time to come*, as though that time should be of another Make, than this that is already come.

*Jane of Naples.* No, it is not of another Make; but it is good to fancy it so.

*Anselme.* And what is the Effect of this fine Opinion? I know a little Fable that will inform you. I did formerly learn it at the Court of Love, it was a kind of Academy, which was held in your Country of Provence. *A man was thirsty, and was sat down by a Fountain. He would not drink of the*

*the Water that was running before him, because he hoped, that in some short time better would come. This time being past ; This is still the same Water, said he, this is not that which I will drink of ; I had rather tarry a little longer yet. At length ; as the Water was still the same, he stayed so, that the Spring happened to dry up, and he drank not at all.*

*Jane of Naples.* As much as happened to me. And I believe that, of all the Dead that are here, there is not one who was not deprived of Life sooner than he had made the use of it, he did intend. But what matters it ? I reckon, the pleasure of fore-seeing, hoping, of fearing too, and of having before one *a Time to come*, to be great things. A wise man, in your Opinion, would be like we Dead, to whom the Present, and the  
Time

( 140 )

Time to come are perfectly alike: and this wise man would, by consequence, find it as irksome as I do.

*Anselme.* Alas ! Man's Condition is pretty, if it be such as you believe it is. He is born to aim at all, and so enjoy nothing ; to be always going, and arrive at no place.

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THE END.

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